

Home Reading.

(FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.)

Such is Fame.

HE.
You say, Miss Eldorado, that France is your favorite nation. In highest estimation? Recall the men who won renown (Before your mind determines) In politics, in literature, Or warring with the Germans.

She.

I'd say the Prince Imperial. If he were still on earth. But, as the darling's dead, the most Distinguished now is—Worth.

Three Days in Algiers.

(WRITTEN FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.)

DEAR A—
Yes, we went to Algiers; didn't I tell you of it before? We took the steamer from Marseilles, you know, and after a three days' sail, very early one morning we were awakened, and told to get up. We went on deck, yawning and blinking, and found what woke us up and made us open our eyes. "What are they, John?" I whispered, starting at the oddly attired specimens of humanity that swarmed up the sides of the ship, and spread themselves over the deck. "Arabs," answered my bigger half with masculine phlegm. "Oh, yes," I said, looking at them with interest, "that's so."

We descended from the ship by a ladder at its side, down into one of the row-boats waiting below. The steamer did not go into dock, but lay out in the stream. As our boat came up to shore we were besieged by offers of help for ourselves and baggage. Such a crew? "Monsieur! Monsieur! Moi, moi, madame! Monsieur! Baggage—baggage, monsieur!"

With their swarthy faces, gleaming black eyes, red and yellow jackets, baggy trousers, and white turbans, they were gay to look upon. One little Arab with bare, bronzed legs, yellow trousers, and a gay little red jacket, with a winning smile relieved me of my shawl strap before I knew what he was about. Then, catching up our big leather satchel, he placed both with a look of determination on the wharf, and scowled danger at any one who should dare to touch them. Two other Arabs went for our trunk, but pushing them aside with sharp elbows, the first one got hold of it, and exclaimed: "Otez-vous de la!" (Out of the way there!) Then pulling the big trunk from the boat by main strength, he tugged and tugged, and finally got it on deck. Then standing astride the smaller baggage-laden boat, he took to the trunk with one hand, he chuckled triumphantly, pointed to his discomfited competitors, and said: "Ils sont des pauvres mechants!" Which being liberally translated might read: "Those are poor devils."

That chap's got pluck," said John with a smile. "Yes; but oh! do look at him, John! he'll break his back!" I exclaimed. "For there he was standing, bent over double, while a friend was putting our trunk upon his back. He next took the shawl strap between his teeth, used his right hand to hold on the trunk, his left to carry the bag, and then, a literal heap of burden, he started off. He had but a short distance to go, and then the baggage was tumbled into a sort of hand cart."

We rode in a carriage up the short slope to our hotel, and then, after the usual delay, were shown to our room. We had scarcely laid aside our wraps, when a knock came at our door, our baggage was delivered, and then our little Arab friend of stirring enterprise stood in the room smiling and waiting for his money. "Combleu!" I asked. "Neuf francs," he answered, showing his white teeth.

"Nine francs, John?" "No, nine francs," said John emphatically. "It's no such price as that. You haven't understood him right. Ask again." (My French, as you know, dear A—, is rather limited.)

"Combleu?" I demanded again. "Neuf—neuf francs," smiled the Arab, counting off nine of his brown fingers.

"There! it is nine, you see, John. I told you it was." "He don't get no nine francs out of me," said my lord. "It isn't worth half that to wheel that baggage up here—why, it isn't over a block from the boat!"

While we talked the intelligent eyes of our little swarthy friend tried their best to comprehend our unknown tongue, and he almost understood.

"Neuf—neuf francs," he repeated, smiling at me. "Tell him I'll give five," said John. I repeated it.

"Mais non—non Madame! Voyez!" he answered, lifting off his turban, and wiping the rain-drops from off his brow to show how hard he had worked.

"Voyez!" I looked at John and laughed. The Arab smiled at us both.

"Oh, give it to him," I pleaded, "he's so smart, I like him." "No—he's a fraud," said John. "Tell him—tell him to go down to the Concorde, and tell him to pay him what is fair and charge it to my bill."

I translated, and the little Arab's dusky face fell—ah! then, New York, he said. However, bowing acquiescence, he glided away.

In less than five minutes, back he was again. He says the Concorde is asleep, John, and he don't like to wake him, I explained.

"Better him!" growled John, "tell him I'll give him five francs, that's all, and a cent more."

He agreed with a sigh, and I added a few more sous to it. His black eyes smiled mischief into mine—his white teeth gleamed—and he was gone.

The sequel, the next way we discovered that three francs would have been generous pay to him!

Our bedroom had a window that opened out into a sort of court, connected with the main street, and looking down upon it. I stood and gazed, enchanted with the scene.

First, perhaps, there would pass a Moor, with his jet-black beard and eyes, contrasting startlingly with his white, sheet-like toga. Here a group of Arabs bargaining with animation, dressed in their baggy trousers, fancy jackets, and gay-colored turbans. Here would pass by two Arab women, dressed in the graceful burnous satin-striped and veiled from the vulgar gaze. Here you would see a Turk, astride a tiny donkey, perhaps, grave, sedate, self-conscious—satisfied.

There would go an African, pure, with his receding forehead, thick lips, and scanty, rough brown sackcloth about him; and there, perhaps an Algerian French soldier debonair in blue and red glory.

It was a picturesque company. Surely I was at a masquerade ball! But no—no! I was in a land where veiled women were taken as a signet of respectability, and where "burnous," gay turbans, and white drapery, were the rule, and not the exception. Just beneath my window, a stream of water poured out of a rocky wall. Underneath it stood a huge jar, which was slowly getting filled. Seated around about were three or four Arabs and Moors, also with jars, awaiting their turn to have them filled. Some had turned them on their sides and used them as seats, so that they could the more comfortably have their little gossip. The jars were large and of beautiful shape, and brought strongly to mind old Bible stories of the Orient.

That afternoon John and I went out to see the town. To tell the truth, dear A—, I was only an everlasting exclamation point! I saw so much that to me was novel and interesting; that after a while my stock of adjectives ran low, and I kept silence. Coming across so recently from Europe, where even the "quietest" haunts of poet and peasant have been invaded and tinged with modern civilization, this sudden dropping down into a land of picturesque dress and strange customs was like coming into the dream-land of one's fancies, and in an unusual way, it was satisfying.

In our rambling we came across the market, a large, square, stone-paved court, filled with a curious company. No stalls—no stalls—but mats and rugs on the pavement and the wares on them. What had they to sell? Oh, various things. Meats and fish, queer looking roots, oranges and dates, artichokes, etc., etc. I looked more at the sellers than at the goods.

In the afternoon we took a ride outside of the city limits, to a suburb called Koota. We rode in a pretty two-seated phaeton made of bamboo, with a blue and white striped awning over it, and we took along a big old Turk as an interpreter, for John had business to attend to. He was afraid of my French, you see, and this Turk was warranted to speak French, English, Arabic, and anything else you liked to call for. I can see him yet! Seated opposite us, with his brown face, his long gray beard almost covering up his green satin vest, his large white turban over his brows, his short scarlet jacket embroidered with gold, and the leather straps of his sandals. His English was really very good; and his remarks as we passed different points of view were given with a sudden new interest in the matter, as if he had never said the same thing before, to hundreds of other travelers before us!

As we drove along through the opening spaces of the tropical palms and luxuriant vines and golden glory of the orange trees, we caught glimpses here and there of the beautiful blue of the sea. That was a ride to remember! On our way home our Turk gave us the head of a man who dealt in "genuine Algerian curios." I don't remember the name, but I remember the store very well. Later, when John and I went to it, we found our old Turk there before us. I suppose he wanted to identify us to the proprietor as some sheep of his own raising. Well, we were deceived, and we bought of course, and we were deceived we didn't know it, so we came out happy. The store, which was reached by a dark, window-less stone passage, was a room about twelve feet square. Around the sides, ran narrow galleries, each about ten feet above the other, and they were reached by means of steep stone stairs running close up against the sides of the walls. Upon each of the galleries we found all sorts of odd and curious things for sale. Rugs of course by the dozens, table covers worked by Armenian women, mats, baskets of bamboo, jars, pictures, picture frames, satin banners wondrously embroidered, clay pipes, stone ware, dress goods, sandals in short, everything that was used by the natives for either personal or household service.

We came away reluctantly, but a wholesome remembrance of Custom-house officials kept our covetousness within certain bounds.

The next day we visited the two principal mosques in the place. One—the one that is seen most prominently from the sea with its snowy dome attracting attention at once, is not as interesting inside as the other, which is on a side street, and nothing like as imposing outwardly. In the first one in which we entered, we saw a large, square room, painted rather gaudily all sorts of Japanese combinations. Part of the floor was covered with matting and part with old rugs. Galleries ran around either side of which we mounted and found dirty, untidy, and quite disconcerting. An old Turk, in a feeble way, in curious French, tried to smile on us and explain something, but all he said intelligibly was "I'll rest here," for which piece of valuable information John gave him a few sous, and then we came away. But when we reached the other mosque it was quite different.

We found first of all that we could not enter unless we took the sandals off our feet. They were washed from washing them in the running stream near the entrance, as is the custom of believers—and allowed us to keep on our stockings! But we took off our shoes, not daring to show the faintest ripple of a smile at the suddenness of the ridiculous that had come over us. Well, two stocking-footed people of the nineteenth century dress and belief walked reverently over the well-worn ground, inspected the beautiful Turkish carpets, admired the many and beautiful white arches that upheld the building, looked gravely at devout Mohammedans who prostrate on the ground with their feet towards the East, rendered homage to "Allah," and finally, with a sense of having truly intruded upon what was sacred, quietly slipped back towards the entrance. Alas! for holiness in any form, for poor human nature in any country! One of the venerable devotees suddenly rose up, got our shoes, and handing them to us, reached forth his hand for a sou! And the scowl he gave us—well, call it what you will, it was like when I discovered that it wasn't more.

The town of Algiers, dear A—, is, as you know, mostly settled by the French, i.e., all the good stores, the large hotels, and the docks, and the public parks, and the fountains, are the work of their hands. The city from a distance—say from the steamer—presents a fine appearance. The rows of good buildings near the water, hotels, etc., the white mosque in the foreground, and in the large background, the white walls of the city, and the snow-white houses one above the other like seats in a theatre, look dazzling in the sunlight. It presents an appearance unusual, attractive, pure-looking. Alas! that distance should so beguile us. A closer acquaintance with the "snowy town" will show you that there is not a much dirtier one in existence. The French people and stores are here, as elsewhere, clean and tidy, but the conviction is reluctantly forced upon you that, save for absolute comfort, the Arabs

and Moors will not clean themselves or anything belonging to them. This of course is in the native quarters. Go back to the street or two from the more modern hotels, and I wager, unless your digestive organs are exceptionally good, or those of small out of repair, you will hurry through your tour of inspection pretty rapidly!

One of the oddest sights to me, and one of the commonest, was that of the Arab women riding the donkeys. Coming up the street may be you would see a huge bundle of white propelled slowly along by some unknown means. Drawing nearer you will find a closely veiled woman all in white, with her dark eyes shining unceasingly over the top of her veil, and underneath her a tiny donkey, with great ears, great eyes, and great strength.

One day, as I was looking into the windows of one of the French stores, an Arab woman, evidently of the higher class, stood by me. She turned around and stared at me—no doubt taking in with a true woman's eye the eccentricities of my costume. I returned her inspection with interest, and with a silk trowsers and a fastened closely down around her ankles; and upon her feet were sandals with light leather straps. Her "burnous" was satin-striped and handsome, her veil was of the finest muslin. Upon her wrists were numerous bracelets, and around her neck a silver chain. We stood and looked at each other. I smiled. Her dark eyes flashed (I could not see her face), and she took a step towards me. I waited. I was only too willing to become acquainted if she was. Suddenly, like a startled fawn, she changed her mind, and with one flashing look at me, hastened away.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, we went aboard the steamer again, bound for France.

I shall never forget the view of the city as we sailed away. Like a picture let down out of dream-land was the beautiful blue of the sea, the tall palm trees on shore, the bright dashes of color, the snowy dome of the mosque, the white houses climbing up the slope, and over all, the crimson glow of the sunset. Like the daring tropical fancies of one's youth—slowly, slowly, as our bark carries us over the sea of years—the beautiful picture faded from our sight!

Good-bye, my friend. I find that when I write to you I know not when to stop!

Very much yours,
I. H. R.

Diving for Pharaoh's Chariot Wheels.

Now that so many persons are engaged in making what they can out of Egypt, it is interesting to find one disinterested person proposing a speculation of which the object is not to put money into the pockets of the promoter, but to implant or confirm faith in the breasts of all men. The Abbe Moigno has written a preface to M. Lecomte's "Campagne de Moïse pour la sortie d'Egypte," in which he advocates the promotion of a joint-stock company, with the view of exploring the bottom of the Red Sea, and especially the bitter-water lakes. In a German account of the project it is justly described as "one of the boldest."

"It is nothing less," continues the writer, "than to search the bottom of the Red Sea to discover there the proof of that great event narrated by Moses 3,000 years ago. To result the needful funds for the carrying out of the project would have for their end the restoration to light of the remains of the Egyptian armies engulfed in the Red Sea, with the chariots, horses, arms, treasures, archives, and perhaps the King himself—that Pharaoh who was conquered by Moses—this will indeed be a noble enterprise. Buried in the masses of salt of the Bitter Lakes, concealed at different places by thick beds of salt, these historical remains are perhaps in a state of preservation unexpected by us." The Abbe estimates the cost of the excavations at 300,000 francs, and against expenditure he places nothing in the way of possible returns. It may be suggested without irreverence, however, that if the Abbe Moigno should succeed in disinterring, but one indubitable wheel of Pharaoh's chariot he might make no end of money.

The Year without a Summer.

During a cold Spring, like that which is just now drawing to an end, people generally console themselves with the reflection that the sun will eventually get the victory, and that Summer will certainly come at last, though its coming may be delayed. Uncertain as the weather is, the general features of the season recur with a regularity which warrants the confidence thus reposed in the annual return of seed time and harvest. There are instances on record in which even the seasons seem to have lost their characteristic features, as if the ordinary laws of meteorology had been temporarily suspended. A remarkable case of this kind, and one which the long continued cold weather of this Spring makes particularly interesting just now, is that of the year 1816, which has been called "the year without a Summer." The following is a summary of the weather of this remarkable year:

January and February were mild; March was cold; April began warm, but ended in snow and ice. Frost came in thick in May, and fields were planted over and over again till it was too late to replant. June was the coldest ever known in this latitude; frost and ice were common. Almost every green thing was killed; fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven in Maine, three in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts. There were a few warm days. It was called a dry season. But little rain fell. The wind blew steadily from the north, cold and fierce. Mothers knit extra socks and mittens for their children in the Spring, and the woolly clothes that usually disappear during the warm spell in front of the houses were speedily built up again. Planting and sowing were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens. In a town in Vermont a flock of sheep belonging to a farmer had been sent as usual to their pasture. On the 17th of June a heavy snow fell in New England. The cold was intense.

A farmer who had a large field of corn in Tewksbury built fires around it at night to ward off the frost; many an evening he and his neighbors took turns watching them. He was rewarded with the only crop of corn in the neighborhood. Considerable damage was done in New Orleans in consequence of the rapid rise of the Mississippi River. Fears were entertained that the sun was cooling off, and that the world would be a frozen plain. Two roads that conduct to perfect virtue—to be true, and to do no evil to any creature.—Buddha.

July was accompanied with frost and ice. Indian corn was nearly all destroyed; some favorably situated fields escaped. August was more cheerless, if possible, than the Summer months which preceded

it. Ice was formed half an inch in thickness. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed in this country and in Europe. On the 30th snow fell at Bangor, forty miles from London. Very little corn ripened in New England, and the Middle States. Farmers supplied themselves from corn produced in 1815 for seed in the Spring of 1817. It sold at from \$4 to \$5 per bushel.

September furnished about two weeks of the pleasant weather of the season, but in the latter part of the month ice formed an inch thick. October had more than its share of cold weather. November was cold and snowy. December was comfortable, and the Winter following was mild. Very little vegetation was matured in the Eastern and Middle States. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat during the Summer; all nature seemed to be in a state of stagnation, and exhibited no little anxiety concerning the future of this life.

The average price of flour during the year in the New York market was \$13 per barrel. The average price of wheat in England was 97 shillings per quarter. Bread riots occurred throughout Great Britain in 1817, in consequence of the high price of the staff of life.—From The Congregationalist.

Take Care of Your Harness.

The following sensible hints on oiling harness we take from an exchange. There are many different applications used, and different modes are adopted for employing them. A common way is first to wash thoroughly with soap and warm water, and then to apply neat's-foot oil as the best oil for the purpose. But a different course is adopted by others. One team manager informs us that the first thing to do is always to apply one or two coats of castor oil with enough lamp kerosene to make it proper oil. By thus saturating the leather with oil first, the soap and water applied afterwards do not penetrate it, and when leather is permitted to absorb water it is liable to rot. The oil, when dry, rub over it a mixture of equal parts of oil and tallow, colored with lamp black, and a small portion of Prussian blue. Owners of harness often think they have time to spare for harness in the way named, but it is the "haven't time" that keeps them poor.

"Them or Those."

A few days ago, a flash young man from an Eastern college arrived at Tombstone, Ariz., and registered his name at the principal hotel. A socially inclined person in blue shirt and wide-rimmed hat, who happened to be in the office, good-naturedly answered every question and volunteered a vast amount of valuable information about Arizona in general and Tombstone in particular.

"Do you see them hills over yonder?" asked the Tombstoner, pointing through one of the office windows. "Well, them hills is chock full of pay dirt." The young man from the East looked shocked.

"My dear sir," he said proudly, but kindly, "you should say 'those hills are'—'hot' them hills is!"

The Tombstoner was silent for a moment. He looked the young man from the East critically over, as if he was estimating the size of coffin he would wear. Then, drawing out an ivory stocked seven-shooter of elaborate style and finish, he said in a soft, mild, musical tone of voice that sounded like a wildwood brook coursing o'er its pebbly bed:

"My gentle, and unsalted tenderfoot from the land of the rising sun, this here's a phat talk. You and me disagree right now. I haven't looked in a grammar lately, but I say 'them hills is' is correct, and I'm going to stand by 'til opinion while I've got a shot left. I'll give you just three minutes to consider the matter, and then you'll see I'm calmly over the subject, for you probably spoke in haste the first time, and then I'll hear your decision."

The young man from the East looked down the delicately chased barrel of the revolver into the placid depths of the eyes of the Tombstoner, and began to feel that many points in grammar are uncertain, and liable to grow more so. Then he thought of the coroner's inquest, and of the verdict, "Cause to his death by standing in front of Colorado Tom's seven-shooter," and of the long pine box going East by express with \$80 charges on it, and before half the three minutes was up he was ready to acknowledge his error.

"Since he had thought it over calmly," he said he believed that "them hills is" was right. "He had spoken on the spur of the moment," he added, "and begged a thousand pardons for his presumptuous effort to substitute bad grammar for good."

The Tombstoner forgave him freely, and grasping his hand, said: "I know you speak English as well as any man who gives right in without arguing when he knows he's wrong. Come along and irrigate." And they irrigated.

Hominy and Arnica.

An old dorky came into an Austin drug store with his head banded up, and growling as if every bone in his body was broken.

"What's the matter?" asked the drug clerk.

"We have had the berry debble of a time, me an' de ole woman, an' battering each under wid de chairs an' sich."

"Well, what do you want?"

"We need some anarchy. Dar ain't no anarchy in de house. De bottle got out of de fuss, an' de anarchy spilled all ober de floor."

"If you had more harmony in your house, there would be less anarchy," remarked the drug clerk, smiling, as he filled a small bottle of arnica.

"You are right, boss. Dat's jess what de fuss was about. De reason we needs anarchy is becase dar was no hominy in de house, an' dat's why de ole woman hit me wid de chair."—Texas Sittings.

A wise man must faithfully discharge all his moral duties, even though he does not constantly perform the ceremonies of religion. He will fall very low if he performs ceremonial acts only, and fails to discharge his moral duties. There are two roads that conduct to perfect virtue—to be true, and to do no evil to any creature.—Buddha.

A GUN OF FIRE, a patter of dew, A cloud and rainbow's warning, Sudden music and perfect blue, An April day in the morning. —Harriet Prescott Spofford.

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